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The Mystery of Civilization

by Stephen and Mary Maybell

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THE

Mystery

OF

Civilization.

BY

STEPHEN and MARY MAYBELL

(a.4P.)

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THE MYSTERY OF CIVILIZATION

BOOK TWO

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THE MYSTERY OF CIVILIZATION

THE LITTLE BRIDGE ACROSS THE KWA HOM.

Somewhere in the long ago two savages met on the bank of a stream; they had come there to cross and stood side by side.

The rains had so swollen the stream that they could not leap across as before, and the waters flowed so swift that to attempt to ford the stream was dangerous.

They had often met in

the forest, but as strangers. It seemed to each that the other was a trespasser and stood in his way — that a double quantity of game would be his if the other was not there.

Often it had entered the mind of each as they met in a lonely place in the forest to let fly an arrow and end the others further sharing in the forest. So their meetings had been meetings only, and partings as soon as either perceived the presence of the other.

For the one needed not the other, and the way of each was alone. His bow he made himself from the

toughest of saplings, and he knew which was best for his purpose. His game he took himself, and he knew best how to take it. Here in the forest he needed nothing of the other. Here in the forest were all his supplys. Here in the forest at his command were food and drink and shelter for himself and the mother and her pappooses in the wigwam.

Here in the forest was all that a savage needed. Here in the forest he lived for himself, and the presence of another seemed an intrusion.

For here whatever a savage did, he did for himself. The fat deer, the tender bird

that his arrows brought down, the gleaming fish that his spear whipt from the stream, were for no one but he who caught them.

Here in the forest whatever a savage made he made it apart and enjoyed it apart. Here in the forest each savage posessed whatever he made.

Here in the forest each savage received all that he made.

Co-operation had not yet dawned. Each savage solved the problem of providing for himself without co-operation. The necessities of each were made by each. There was no division of the ma-

king of anything. Whatever was made was made from the beginning to the finish by he who needed it. The action of each was for self, for they were savages.

They lived each one for self, in the condition of the beast and the reptile.

As the beast and the reptile lived, so here in the forest lived the savage. And though in mind and body far above the life around him still he lived under the same law, and for the same purpose, self.

As the two savages met beside the stream, they noticed not the presence of each other, the mind of each

being solely occupied with the question of how he could cross the stream.

'How can I cross the stream?' was the question in the mind of each, but the question of how the other could cross, never entered the mind of either.

For a moment the two savages stood meditating apart. In the west loomed the storm over the mountains from whose ravines flowed the stream.

The longer they meditated the deeper and wider swelled the waters, and the more difficult became the problem.

Each savage mentally

measured the distance from bank to bank, and shook his head.

Here had come a crisis in the necessity of each. Here was a problem that each must solve, and that each found he could not solve alone.

Each savage in the defeat of his usual singleness of action, was forced to turn to the other.

And in that moment they turned to co-operation.

But they turned not to co-operate, in love — they turned not to help each other, they turned to use each other.

They entered co-opera-

tion, for self.

Their language was terse, their speech brief, there was no expression of sentiment, each desired the co-operation of the other to accomplish his purpose. There was no thought in the mind of one for the other, no feeling in the heart of one for the other, as they turned to each other.

Then one said, 'how?'

And the other said, 'how'?

And they looked around them; before them on the bank lay the trunk of a fallen tree. The same idea entered the mind of each, and together they exclaimed: 'ah!'

Then they laid aside their weapons and spoils of the chase, and seizing the log raised it on end and with a push sent it falling across the stream.

There was a bridge.

Each savage beheld his personal need supplied through co-operation.

Into the mind of each savage, came a new thought — the thought that he could use the other.

In this new thought they entered a new kind of savagery, the savagery of co-operation. The co-operation of each one co-operating to use co-operation. The co-operation, of each one co-

operating for self.

They had entered co-operation, not to help each other, not to serve each other, but to use each other.

They had co-operated, physically. But in their spirit, they remained uncooperative. In their spirit they remained apart. They had but physically used co-operation. They had but used each other. They knew not unity, for unity is of the spirit, and their co-operation was but of action, but of the body, and mechanical only.

Each had accomplished his desire through mechanical co-operation. Each had learned how he could use

the other through mechanical co-operation. And as they crossed the log and each turned in the direction of his distant wigwam, an inverted friendship sprang up in the breast of each Savage for the other.

THE PEACEFUL WAR

At the council fire of his tribe that night, each savage told of his days adventure. How he had met the enemy on the banks of the Kwa hom, of the swollen waters, of the problem of how to cross! — how he had used the enemy and made a bridge.

Dreamily the medicine

man of the tribe listened. The seriousness of his countenance showed the depth of his meditations.

In his mind had come a new idea, the idea of useing instead of warring with the enemy – the idea of a new manner of war – the idea of a peaceful-war, or a war of peace.

While he meditated, the warriors waited. To him they looked whenever the strange, the wonderful, or the mysterious happened. To him they now looked after they hab heard how the enemy had been 'used'.

The medicine man gazed fixedly at the thatch of

leaves above his head, and then as from a dream addressed the warriors.

'A new light comes into our spirit. The light of a great New Savagery. That which made us weak can make us strong. Our brother teaches us a lesson. The enemy can be used. Our fathers not knowing this knew only war. We not knowing this knew only war. So we are weak. But this new light shows us a new policy. We may now have peace. A wonderful peace. The peace of Noit ar ep ooc. The peace of using the enemy. The Great Spirit shows me this peace. In it our tribe is ev-

erywhere. Our warriors are as the leaves. Our wigwams are as great as the mountains. We are surrounded by wonders as Noit ar ep ooc leads us in its peaceful war. As the little bridge was cast across the little Kwa hom, so shall a mighty bridge be cast across a mighty Kwa hom into the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit, and I see our warriors passing over.'

The medicine man ceased.

There was silence.

A warrior asked, 'what would the Great Spirit have us do?'

The answer came, 'cease war with the enemy'.

Another asked, 'what then?

The medicine man slowly and significantly replied: 'use them'.

Round the circle went the words: 'use them.'

Each savage nodding significantly as he passed the words to the other.

Then they rose and danced the dance of Noit ar ep ooc, the dance of the peaceful war of use them, — each savage brandishing his tomahawk and stepping to the beat of the tom tom, repeating and repeating the words:

Use them, use them, Noit ar ep ooc,
Use them, use them, Noit ar ep ooc,
Use them.

Now it so happened that while the circumstances just related were happening in one tribe that they were also happening in the other, and that both warriors were asserting in both tribes at the same moment, that it was he, who had used the enemy in casting the log across the Kwa hom.

It also happened, that the medicine men of both tribes made the same address at the same moment regarding the new policy of the peaceful war of 'use them.' And that both tribes

danced the dance of the peaceful war at the same moment, and that both medicine men retired apart that night at the same moment to commune with the Great Spirit about entering into the peaceful war with the enemy.

A few days after in the same moon, the warriors of both tribes gathered at the place where lay the log across the stream, and on that day beside the waters of the Kwa hom, they signed the treaty, smoked the pipe of peace, and officially inaugurated the peaceful war.

Now there was peace.

The peace, of 'using' the

enemy.

Strange was the peace.

No sooner were the two tribes using each other in their peaceful war, than the savages found themselves in an entirely new condition of affairs.

The peaceful war had unfolded a new system of savagery.

They called it, 'industrial manufacture.'

In industrial manufacture, their tribal distinctions had disappeared.

For in industrial manufacture, the savages began using each other regardless of tribes.

And in industrial manu-

facture the savages found themselves merged into the one great tribe of 'use them' into the one great tribe of Noit ar ep ooc, the tribe of using the enemy.

But where was the enemy?

The enemy had disappeared.

In the disappearance of tribal distinctions, in the merging of the tribes into the one great tribe of Noit-ar ep ooc, or 'use them', nowhere to be seen was the enemy.

Had peace come at last?

Was there now no enemy?

If so, then here was the Millennium.

But alas, it was not as it

seemed.

This outward disappearance of 'the enemy,' was but one of the many illusions of the peaceful war.

It was now no longer tribe against tribe, but savage against savage.

'Using the enemy,' no longer meant, tribe using tribe, but savage using savage.

Each one, had now become 'the enemy.'

THE DEADLY SMILE.

The system of using the enemy, had become perfected in industrial manufacture.

Where formerly one sav-

age used another savage, now one savage used a large number of savages in the peaceful war of industrial manufacture; and there were immense factories, in which one savage used a vast number of savages.

But strange were the ways of the peaceful war.

Where a savage used a vast number of savages, the vast number of savages were using him.

While he was using them to get wampum, they were using him to get wampum.

For the users only used the used to get wampum, and the used only allowed themselves to be used by the

users to get wampum.

They who had wampum, were called the 'users,' and they who had it not, were called the 'used.'

The difference between the used and the users, therefore, was not a difference of moral or principle, but a difference of who possessed wampum. Whoever posessed wampum, could use the entire savagery.

So the poor and the rich, the used and the users, were one in principle, were one in the principle of use-them; and the hardness of the life of the poor, the hardness of the life of the used, was accepted by them

as a gamester accepts his loss. For life to the savages was not a moral duty, an honor to be honored, but a game; and the stake each one put up was his life, and whoever drew wampum won, and drew in to use at his pleasure the lives of the losers.

And since wampum was to win, to win the means to use them, each savage now only lived and worked, to get wampum.

Great was the struggle to get wampum. To get the means of power over each other. To get the means of 'using' each other. Before daylight they rose and after

dark they remained working endlessly working to get wampum. Through the hours, through the days, through the weeks, through the years they planed and they strove and they worked to get wampum. They delved they builded they set into motion a wilderness of action, til the whole savagery became awhirl with wheels, fire, smoke, grime and dust, to get wampum — till the whole savagery was amad and ablaze with an abnormal action to get wampum. Better had they remained in the simplicity of the forest, than to have entered the ceaseless superflu-

ous drudgery of use them.

One of the features of this era of the savages was the change in their costume. They wore what they called clothes. When they stepped into industrial manufacture they stepped into clothes. Their mocassins they changed for shoes, their leggins for trousers, their blankets for coats, their headdress of paint and feathers for tall silk hats, and stiff white collars up to their ears.

But though they had changed their costume, their occupations, environments, their manner of speech and of making war, they were still the same savages.

They no longer battled tribe against tribe, but each one against the other in their peaceful war of 'use them.' They no longer sallied forth with the honest war whoop, but came down upon each other gently, and with a deadly smile cleft each other with an unseen tomahawk, hidden in their peaceful ways, called 'business'.

This gentle manner of attacking 'the enemy', each other, they called 'civil'.

And they loved to call themselves 'civilized', and to call their civil war against each other, 'Civilization'.

For civilization is but the mechanical co-operation of

savagery. And within its mechanical co-operation is concealed its civil war, wherein each savage is at war with the intire savagery over the wealth produced by its mechanical co-operation.

Outwardly it appeared, as though the savages were at peace, because they were working together. But this was an illusion; they were ever at war socially over the wealth they produced through working together.

The more they produced through working together, the more they posessed to war over. The greater the wealth of civilization, the greater its conflict.

THE MIGHTY BRIDGE ACROSS THE KWA HOM.

Great, was the wealth produced by the mechanical co-operation called, 'civilization'.

Marvellous, were the wonders unfolded, through the savages working together.

The hunting grounds, were no more. The great woods were cleared and planted; and where once the savages hunted for game, they now hunted for employment among the great manufacturies.

Here, at this stage of the peaceful war, the prophecy of the medicine men became

more than fulfilled. The little barbaric villages were transformed into what the new savagery, called 'cities'. In these 'cities' were wigwams great as the mountains. Along paths of steel ran steeds breathing thunder and lightning, on the waters were great canoes full of fire and smoke, unimaginable were the wonders of the new savagery, the medicine men dreamed not of the marvels of the age they had prophesied.

Even the scenes of nature had changed with the changes wrought by the savages of Noit ar ep ooc. Where in the long ago flowed the lit-

tle stream of Kwa hom, now flowed a broad river, one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, it was still called the Kwa hom. Where the two savages had cast the log across the stream, now stood a mighty city, the city of 'use them', pronounced Kroy wen in the new savagery. Here at sunrise, the stirring of the millions of savages, swelled as the sound of the ocean breaking on the shore; and through the continuous all pervading roar could be distinctly heard the song of the peaceful war —

Use them, use them, Noit ar ep ooc,
Use them, use them, Noit ar ep ooc,
Use them.

Here, where in the long ago, the little log lay across the stream, now stood a mighty bridge, the mighty bridge of Kroy wen, — a gigantic structure passing lightly through the air over the wide expanse of waters. To read of it brings some idea of its immensity. But to stand in its presence, to behold it, is to be thrilled with the thought of the immeasurable power of even mechanical co-operation.

From one side of the beautiful waters of the Kwa hom, from the side where stands the city of Kroy wen, rises from the earth this wonderful street in the air.

Up from the earth it rises, up into the air, higher and higher, gigantic and beautiful, til its mighty mass of materials woven and interwoven, reaches high above the lofty tops of the wigwams of Kroy wen; til the sweep of its giant cables bearing its broad highway, swings over and clear of its great pillar on the bank, when with nothing intervening out it goes, as though a thread of gossamer in the air, out as though floating in the morning light, through miles of space, over to where the great pillar waits it on the other bank, over which it passes and descends

again to earth. Great ships pass beneath unconscious of the heavy trains above, passing and repassing from city to city, as though upon the solid earth, instead of on a street in the air.

If the savages of civilization could build such a bridge, with each one living and working for self, what could a redeemed race unfold, with each one living and working for the greatness and glory of all?

If the mechanical co-operation of civilization could produce such a marvel, what would the spiritual co-operation of the Millennium produce?

If Man is so mighty even in disunity, what would be his power in unity.

But the savages knew only mechanical co-operation, knew only physical co-operation. They knew not the spiritual. They knew not the oneness of themselves.

They thought, that their working together physically that their mechanical co-operation was their oneness.

They thought, that civilization was their at one ment, that its mechanical co-operation was their unity.

They thought, that in the building of palaces and temples, in the creation of wealth, in the wonderful

constructions and mighty operations of civilization lay the evidence of their unity and greatness.

But in the building of palaces and temples, in the creation of wealth, in the wonderful constructions and mighty operations of civilization they beheld themselves more and more divided, each one for himself, each one at war with all.

They knew not that they each acted for self in the construction of the works of civilization, that they each acted from the same motive as when in the forest.

They knew not that spiritually they were the same

as when in the forest. That in their hearts they were the same as when in the forest.

For they knew not that the change around them was not the change of themselves but the change of their physical environments produced through their mechanical co-operation.

THE SOCIAL WAR

reat was the glory of the mechanical co-operation of civilization without, but dark and unspeakable the hell of it within. Its exterior grandeur concealed the wretchedness of its savages ever engaged in their cruel social war.

While its palaces and temples increased without, the sadder and darker became the condition of its warring millions within.

For the splendor of civilization is but outward, and the peace of civilization is but outward. Behind its splendor is its poverty, behind its peace is its social war.

Behind its civility is its cruelty, behind its smiles is its selfishness.

For the savages of civilization, are the savages of policy; their peace, is the peace of policy; their co-operation, is the co-operation of policy; their policy, is the

policy of using the enemy; their 'enemy' is each one.

The war of civilization is over the wealth, and in it each savage socially battles to possess the wealth.

The war of civilization is social, and therefore universal and without end.

In the social war of civilization each savage is a belligerent power fighting for the product of its mechanical co-operation.

In their social war, the savages of civilization give each other no quarter, the war they wage against each other is a war of extermination; they battle to possess the means of each others

existence, and thus to deprive each other of the means of life.

For there is no place where the savage who lives for self, possesses enough. There is no place where the savage who lives for self, would not take more. There is no place where the savage who lives for self, would not take all.

For there is no end to selfishness, no place where self possesses enough, no place where self would cease from taking, no place where self would not take all.

The more it takes the more it wants, the more it possesses the more it covets,

and when it has appropriated the means of the existence of millions, its greed only rages the fiercer.

Where self reigns in the heart of each one, the ideal of each one is to possess the wealth of all.

Where the ideal of each one is to posess the wealth of all, but one condition can unfold —

The wealth of all must accumulate into the possession of a few —

Then into the possession of a still lesser few —

And then at last into the full realization of the ideal of each one, into the possession of but one.

Then the full darkness of the universal poverty comes.

The awfulness of the distress breaks into the final catastrophe.

The system breaks down.

There is a darkness.

There is a depopulation.

The end comes.

And the return of the savages back to the forest.

BACK TO THE FOREST

It seemed as though the savages had essayed a task and failed. It seemed as though the being had tried to raise itself out of the animal into the angel and had fallen.

It was as it seemed.

They had entered co-operation, physically, but not spiritually.

They had mechanically co-operated, but spiritually remained unco-operative.

And their physical or mechanical co-operation, had failed.

Physical, or mechanical co-operation must fail where spiritual co-operation is not.

The physical or mechanical unfoldment of the race must cease, unless based upon its spiritual unfoldment.

The race must return back to the forest, unless freed from the spirit of self, —

From the animal spirit.

The industrial co-operation of civilization is ruled by the spirit of self,—

By the animal spirit.

Civilization therefor is not based upon universality, but upon selfishness —

Not based upon each one for all, but upon each one for self.

The spirit of civilization therefor is the spirit of savagery.

And in civilization, the savagery is perfected.

The savage has improved his bow and arrow, has transformed his log across the stream into the mighty bridge of Kwa hom —

But remains spiritually,

a savage.

He has concealed, but not given up his weapons.

He has unfolded mentally not morally.

During his march from the forest to the city he has progressed mentally, not morally.

He stands in the city, as he stood in the forest, at war.

Civilization has brought no peace to his soul.

Civilization has made the savage a wonder in mechanics; a magician in chemistry; a creator in the arts and sciences; but has not stirred him from the place in morals where it found him in the forest.

Such was the condition of civilization at the time we write.

In the morning each of the 'used' in the great city of Kroy wen, would rise wishing it were his last on earth. All day long as they toiled in the factories, ragged hungry and weary, they would envy the ones missing here and there from their places mid the wheels, noise, dust, and the whir whir whir, of the joyless drone of —

Use them, use them, Noit ar ep ooc,
Use them, use them, Noit ar ep ooc,
Use them.

They all knew what had

become of the missing ones and where they had gone.

There were but two ways out of the whir whir whir, out of the grind grind grind, of 'use them' — but two ways out of the scant, want, rags and misery —

Either by the way of the bridge or by the way of the roads. Either out of civilization along the roads into the forest, or over the great bridge into the waters of the Kwa hom, — and out to the ocean waiting beyond.

When the fierce whistles of the savagery screamed to the tired slaves to quit, and the wheels of the grind slowed down, and the drone

drone drone, of —

Use them, use them, use them,
Use them, use them, use them.

become fainter and fainter, the 'used' dragged themselves to their homes, — then it was that the shadow of the great bridge entered their thoughts – then it was that they waited til the moon had passed, and the bridge hung over the waters in darkness, when they would climb up its giant sides unseen and cast themselves over – over to float peacefully out of the grind, – out to the ocean — out to toil and starve no more.

Many were the used who took this route, the route to the ocean out of the grind –

but few, to they who took the other route, the route of the roads, – the route to the forest –

Many came to the bridge and gazed down into the darkness to where the current swept below, – and turned away, – away to the roads, to the fields, to the woods, to the sunlight – and a ray of hope entered their darkened life, as they turned back to try to live, – to try to live on the roads.

So the worn and the weary, the famishing and desperate, passed by two ways – by the way of the land and by the way of the water, out of the grind – out of civilization.

Now, the final problem of civilization, began to present itself to those whom the grind had not yet ground into the river or upon the roads.

They who had not yet been ground by civilization, had to solve the problem, or it was but the question of a little while, when they too would be forced to take one of the two routes out of civilization.

When they too would be forced, either into the river or upon the roads.

For civilization had unfolded its ideal —

The ideal of the savages of civilization, — the ideal of one, possessing the wealth of all.

The savage ideal had been realized.

The wealth of all was now, in the possession of one.

It had come to pass.

Civilization could go no further.

The end had come.

The savages faced the last problem —

The problem, of one possessing the wealth of all.

For the savages of civilization, in order that they might live and work for self, had arranged society so that one might possess the wealth

of all.

And each savage faced the social result of his sin.

For the social system of each one living and working for self, had unfolded the wealth of all, into the possession of one.

With each one living and working for self, the wealth of all must at last unfold into the possession of one.

For each one living and working for self, lives and works to bring about this result.

Each one, could not live and work for self, unless society was arranged so that one might possess the wealth of all.

The selfishness in each one, arranges society so that each one may live and work for self, so that the opportunity may remain open to each one to possess the wealth of all, –

And each savage lives and works to be the one.

THE SNOIT AR OP ROC.

This 'one', now in possession of the wealth of all, was not an individual, but a combination of individuals.

In the social war of each one living and working for self, as in every war there were allies; there were those who joined their forces –

There were those who fought in bands to possess the wealth —

These bands, the savages called 'corporations'.

And herein lay the last problem of the social war.

These corporations, after capturing the entire wealth, turned their attention upon each other, and seized upon the wealth of each other, til there now remained, —

But one huge corporation.

But one huge corporation in possession of the wealth of all.

In the early days, the medicine men prophesied, that some day, some 'one', would own all.

This triumphant 'one' of civilization, the medicine men called: —

THE SNOIT AR OP ROC.

Meaning, 'he, who owns the world'.

And now, came the fullfilment of the prophecy.

This great corporation, possessed the entire wealth.

The snoit ar op roc, owned all – owned, all civilization.

Civilization had flowered, the snoit ar op roc was its flower.

In the snoit ar op roc, civilization beheld its ideal.

The ideal of each savage.

In the snoit ar op roc, the savages beheld the institution of the sin, and of

the punishment of the sin.

Henceforth, the savages were to know the full measure of the social result of the sin —

The full measure, of each one living and working for self –

The full measure of the poverty.

Henceforth the earth, the air, the water, all belonged to the snoit ar op roc.

Henceforth, all the savages produced, and all they needed with which to produce, belonged to the snoitar op roc.

It had taken centuries of each one living and working for self, to create the

snoit ar op roc —

But it had come at last.

And above steeples and domes, tenements and factries, bloomed the snoit ar-op roc, – the FLOWER, of civilization.

And now, to live, with all the means of life in possession of the snoit ar op roc, was the last problem of the savages of civilization.

THE TRAP.

Those upon the roads had given up the problem. They had withdrawn from civilization.

They, were that portion of the savagery, on its return to the forest.

The millions not yet on the roads, still faced the problem.

They, in whom hope yet remained, wanted not to perish on the roads.

To attempt, to solve the problem by the way of the roads, was the last resort, and only taken when the heart gave up.

To get out of the trap some other way, was the problem.

For the savages of civilization were caught in a trap.

The trap presented the ideal, of 'one' possessing the wealth of all.

Each one thought, that he might be the 'one'.

And each one, was self entrapped — by his sin.

And now, the snoit ar-op roc ground them in its mill of the grind —

Ground them, until it ground their life into its wealth —

Ground them, until they madly sought to escape, by the way of the bridge and the roads.

A SOCIAL INSTITUTION.

The savages blamed the members of the snoit-ar op roc —

And thought to get out of the trap by overthrowing the members of the snoit ar-op roc —

They thought to get out of the social result of living and working for self, –

And remain, living and working for self.

For the savages knew not that the snoit ar op roc was the social institution of each one living and working for self –

That the snoit ar op roc was the social institution of the social sin of each one.

That the snoit ar op roc was the social result of each one living and working for self.

That the snoit ar op roc was socially created by the social condition of each one living and working for self.

This great institution of civilization, this social 'one', this snoit ar op roc, destroying the life of all, was not only a social institution, –

But a special social organ in the economy of society performing a special social duty in the operation of society.

For the snoit ar op roc was the social organ of retributive justice – of retributive justice upon the multitude guilty of the social crime.

Guilty of the social crime, the crime of living and working for self.

The snoit ar op roc, institutionally embodies the social crime, and institutionally embodies the social punishment of the crime.

Each one lives and works to possess the wealth of society –

What each one does unto society, the snoit ar op roc does unto all.

The crime they individually commit upon society, the snoit ar op roc collectively commits upon all –

It seizes the wealth of all, and casts the millions guilty of the social crime into its social dungeon, called 'poverty'.

They cry out against the

poverty –

Against the result of their crime, – but in vain.

In poverty the multitude receive, what they each live and work to inflict upon society.

In the condition of society the social criminal receives the social punishment of the social crime.

In vain the savages resist the snoit ar op roc – the retributive institution of the social crime, –

Their resistance, is but the resistance of the social criminal, to the social law.

But the resistance of the social criminal, to organic justice.

While they commit the crime they can not escape the consequence.

They who live and work for self can not overthrow the snoit ar op roc.

The snoit ar op roc, is the social consequence of each one living and working for self, and is therefor socially instituted —

And being socially instituted, its existence depends not upon the individuals who compose it.

Were the individuals who compose the snoit ar op roc, overthrown, the millions living and working for self, stand ready to fill their place.

There is but one escape

for the multitude, from the snoit ar op roc, – from the sorrow and misery of 'one' possessing the wealth of all.

And the way, is for each one to cease living and working, to be the one.

RENUNCIATION.

The social crime, has been the mystery of civilization.

Living and working for self, has been, the hidden social crime.

Each one living and working for self, is guilty of the social crime.

Each one living and working for self, is a social criminal.

Each one living and working for self, is guilty of the horror of the bridge and the sorrow of the roads.

Each one living and working for self, is living and working against society.

With each one, living and working against society, there can be but one result.

The destruction of society.

The return of the multitude back to the forest.

Unless the multitude awake to the consciousness of the social crime, –

To the consciousness of the crime, of living and working against society, —

The destruction of society will continue, –

The horror of the bridge and the sorrow of the roads will increase —

Until society disappears.

And the forest arises.

For the horror of the bridge and the sorrow of the roads, is but the destruction of society.

But the fall of the spirit into the lower darkness.

But the return of the multitude back to the forest.

There must be a repentance, —

A renunciation of the crime, —

A turning of the spirit –

Of each one —

From using, unto serving society.

From living and working for self, unto living and working for society.

Who, will do this.

Who, will absolve himself from the social crime?

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